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1833

THE

HARBINGER;

A

MAY-GIFT.

BOSTON:
CARTER, HENDEE AND CO.

M DCCC XXXIII.

PS
607
H3
1833



I. R. BUTTS, SCHOOL STREET.

TO

THE LADIES,

WHO HAVE SO KINDLY AIDED

THE

NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

FOR THE

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND,

The Warbinger

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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THE

HARBINGER.

PART I.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

Oh ! thou, whose garment is the light,
 Whose throne the vaulted sky,
Who spread the curtains of the night,
 And hung the stars on high :

Thou, at whose word Creation rose,
 In all its bright array ;
Though for our eyes no radiance glows,
 No living waters play ;

We waft the music of our hearts
 In gratitude to thee ;
For all the beams thy love imparts
 Our minds can clearly see !

We see thee in thy sacred truth,
By inspiration told;
We see thy hand direct our youth,
And lead us weak and old.

We see thee on our mental eye
The light of science pour,
And for such blessings humbly try
To worship and adore.

Oh! Father, hear our feeble hymn —
Behold us while we pray —
And pierce these helpless orbs, so dim,
With thy celestial ray!

THE DEPARTED.

'Tis sweet to believe of the absent we love,
If we miss them below, we shall meet them above.
Anon.

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams;
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams:

But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed — the departed
Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful!
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep:
Or where the mournful night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread,
Above their narrow palaces
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one, who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In dismal ruin strown.
I start to hear the stirring sounds
From the leaves of withered trees;
For the voice of the departed
Seems borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each gay and careless strain —
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.

The glad song of the summer waves,
 The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
 As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
 Still on me sweetly fall:
Their tones of love I faintly hear
 My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
 With their angel plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
 To think that they are gone!

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

Sweet Fancy, golden-pinioned bird,
 Once left awhile his starry nest,
To float upon the breeze, that stirred
 The plumage of his glistening breast.
Sometimes in gem-hung caves delaying,
And then through spicy forests straying —
He wandered 'mid those blessed isles
That dimple ocean's cheek, like smiles;

He dallied with the merry wave,
And, diving through the glassy water,
Brought in his beak from its shell cave,
A pearl, Circassia's loveliest daughter,
In the rich clustering of her hair,
Might blush with very pride to wear!

Then tired of sport, like this, he flew
Along the deep, in beauty sleeping —
To that sweet clime, whose sky of blue
Is with its chastened splendor steeping
A land, whose river's rosy tide
Is blushing, like a virgin bride, —
Whose mountains high, and emerald vales
Are kissed by incense-laden gales.
And there, o'er ruins, ivy-wreathed,
He heard pure music sweetly breathed;
O'er moss decked arch and broken shrine,
He saw their ancient glory shine: —
Yet here, amid his favorite bowers,
Where once he dearly loved to dwell;
In this delicious land of flowers,
Where Memory, with magic spell,
Creates new forms of joy and light, —
He could not stay his restless wing;
But, shaking thence the dew-drops bright,

He plucked the first red rose of spring —
Then, blending with the heavenly blue,
Like arrowy gleam, away he flew!
Where next did gold-plumed Fancy roam?
He sought the bright star's brightest ray,
That gilds his own celestial home,
And bore it in his glance away.
Then, when the sunset richly burned,
Unto the earth once more he turned;
And as his wing grew tired and weak,
He found a lovely lady's bower;
And on her lip, and o'er her cheek,
Softly suffused the pearl and flower.
Then, in her pure eye's brilliancy,
He shot the star-gleam from his own:
And charmed as much as bird could be,
Flew back to his far, starry throne!

This happened long ago — but now,
Each pretty maiden, when she hears
Of locks that cluster round a brow
Which, like the stainless snow appears;
Of cheeks whose mingled red and white
Seem like pink roses crushed on pearl;
Of eyes, whose soft and mellow light
Is like a star's, where clouds unfurl, —
Looks archly up, and answers you: —

That "on the very homeliest face,
Can Fancy shed his brilliant hue,
And in a tame expression trace
A smile as soft as Heaven's own blue!
That he will seek through earth and air,
For charms to make divinely fair
And statue-like, a little creature,
Who has a twist in every feature, —
And deck her so (your pardon craving)
That she might set ten poets raving."

TO MARY.

I WISH I had a casket, love, of jewels rich and rare,
I 'd twine a wreath of diamonds 'mid the clusters of thy hair;
And where thy soft and swanlike neck is kissed by floating curls,
I 'd tie, to foil its purity, a string of orient pearls.

The sapphire and the emerald, where rainbow beauty lingers,
I 'd set in hoops of beamy gold to deck thy fairy fingers;
And, on thy smoothly chisseled arm, just o'er the snowy wrist,
Should glitter, from its woven band, the rosy amethyst.

But I 'd choose of all my jewels, Love, the richest and the best,
To gleam in solitary pride, upon thy virgin breast;
And then around thy slender waist, I 'd clasp the sparkling sheen
Of gems, which might have glittered on the cestus of Love's queen.

Yet, Mary, would thy clear blue eye, amid this wealth of light,
Appear less mildly beautiful, or shine less purely bright?
Oh no! the ocean cavern and the undiscovered mine,
Contain no gem whose starry glance is lovelier than thine.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Thou cheerful morning light!
How through my lattice streams thy welcome ray!
Thou mild precursor of the perfect day,
Dispeller of the night!

Who loves thy gentle beam?
Not he whose hours are passed in revelry,
Not he who wakes to no reality
So blissful as his dream.

He, who forgets his care
Beneath the wing of soul entrancing sleep,
Thinks the star-sentinels that nightly keep
Their watch above the air,

More lovely far than thou —
For on the earth alone they seem to gaze ;
But through his curtains thy obtrusive rays
Fall on his anxious brow.

Yet some do love thee well,
The sailor, tossed on the unquiet sea,
With deeper transport turns and blesses thee,
Than any words can tell.

For on the distant rim
Of the free waters mellowing in thy smile,
He sees the faint line of his native isle,
Rise shadowy and dim.

The happy, sportive child,
Slumbering since evening twilight on his bed,
Joys to behold the morning sweetly shed
Its radiance soft and mild.

The maiden with pure cheek,
Touched only by the chaste and rosy gale,
Delights to see, as love's young visions fail,
Thy beam her eyelids seek.

And he who at the shrine
Of glorious nature worships, when the glow
Of early sunrise rests on things below,
Deems thy first ray divine.

Even I, who thus beguile
This dawning hour with thoughts serenely bright,
For this do love thee, cheerful morning light ;
Thou seem'st creation's smile !

HYMN TO THE SOUTH WEST WIND.

Hail to thee, voyager of the Southern sea !
Freshly thou visitest my heated brow,
While thy soft music through the sheltering tree,
Sounds with the motion of each laden bough.
The flower-leaf's treasure to the languid bee
Cannot be dearer, than, sweet wind, art thou ;
As thus upon my eyelids in the bliss
Of calm repose, I feel thy gentle kiss.

With what delicious fragrance from the sky,
Moving the wavy clouds pavilioned there,
The newly-moistened earth thou breathest nigh!
Oh tenderly uplift the glossy hair
Of beauty listening to thy murmured sigh;
Stir thy thin locks of age all silvery fair;
And stray, oh child of heaven, o'er the green land, —
Burthened with sweetness, scattered by thy hand.

Kind nature woos thee to her mild embrace;
The lofty forests and far sloping vales;
The shadowy outlines, in the distant space,
Of mountains broad, where mortal vision fails;
The sweeping stream, upon whose waters chase,
Like sportive pinions, many graceful sails;
The very rocks that totter o'er the steep;
All seem to feel thy breathings pure and deep.

And living creatures, with a sudden thrill
Of gladness, hear the rustling of thy wings,
Among the leaves where rain-gems glitter still;
Aloft the deer his antlers proudly flings,
While drops of clear delight his big eye fill;
A merry song the pensive blackbird sings,
And homely kine forget the scented grass, —
When, like a heavenly blessing, thou dost pass.

Breath on, thou gentle spirit, linger yet —
Till melancholy twilight comes to steal
Day's weary fervor — till some star has set
Upon the scroll of heaven its brilliant seal —
Till bending roses with night's tears are wet ;
Then, leave us, if thou must, when we can feel,
Like thine own influence, on the unquiet breast,
The silent holiness of evening rest !

TWILIGHT.

Calm Twilight ! in thy mild and stilly time,
When Summer flowers their perfume shed around,
And nought save the deep, solitary sound
Of some far bell is heard with solemn chime,
Tolling for Vespers, or the evening bird —
Sending low music through the shady grove
Sweet as the gentle breathings of first love —
While not a leaf by Zephyr's breath is stirred :
As the faint crimson lingers on the wave,
Fond thoughts of those beloved and nearest come,
And memory's dews with gentle freshness lave
Joys that once blossomed in the bower of home
Oh, that my last day-beam of Life would shine
As purely beautiful, calm hour, as thine !

ILLUSTRATION OF A LANDSCAPE.

GENEVA BY MOONLIGHT.

GENEVA ! colored with the glorious light,
That genius, from his magic fountain, throws ;
The unrolled splendors of the sapphire night,
Are on the frostings of thine Alpine snows —
And o'er thy vales with emerald verdure bright,
And on thy glittering roofs — the picture shows
A scene that erst, beneath a tempest sky
In awful grandeur, met Childe Harold's eye !

There Jura lifts his bared brow to the storm,
With starlit diadem and icy zone,
And vassal clouds that throng around his form,
The misty drapery of his rock-piled throne —
While winds from out their lowly caverns warm,
Sweep coldly up with reverential moan,
To do high homage to their mountain king ;
And then come rushing back on frozen wing !

And o'er the margin of the sloping shore
Leans the rude fisher, with extended line,
Regardless of the star-enamelled floor,
So placid in its workmanship divine —

But on his cottage-window gazing more,
Where the dim rushlight by his babes doth shine ;
Deeming one look upon their closed eyes,
Worth all the splendors of a paradise.

How strangely mingled ! all that 's soft and grand,
And beautiful in nature, she bestows
On this loved spot with unretaining hand.
See how the moon-shafts shiver on the snows
Of Jura's hills ! how the vine-covered land
Beneath their feet in dark luxuriance glows !
How still the water ! how undimmed the air !
And over all the glorious heaven, how fair !

EVENING UPON THE SEA.

Away, away before the breeze,
Our gallant vessel swiftly flies ! —
Around her gleam the diamond seas,
Above her bend the sapphire skies !

The glorious bird, that boldly cleaves
The bosom of yon floating cloud ;
No trace of his broad pinion leaves,
But vanishes in evening's shroud.

So, when the morning pours her light,
These billows, far before us rolled,
Will hide the furrow of our flight,
In one unbroken sheet of gold.

God writes his glories on the waves,
They are the record of his power,
In vain the angry tempest raves,
In vain dark vapors o'er them tower.

For when his placid smile returns,
'T is mirrored on their stainless breast,
As brightly as yon star that burns
In lustre, on the crimson west.

It is an hour for silent prayer,
For contemplation, calm and deep,
Now, while no sound is on the air,
Save waters murmuring in their sleep.

But lo! night spreads her solemn pall
Along the arches of the sky;
And darker still the shadows fall
To show heaven's vestal fires on high.

Still proudly on our vessel flings
Her circling wreaths of crested foam;
While every swift-plumed moment brings
Us nearer to our native home.

A THOUGHT ON PARTING.

'T was beautiful, when golden stars
 Were from their dome of sapphire beaming,
And burnished clouds, like silvery cars,
 Were on their lustrous pathway gleaming —
To look upon one mild, sweet face,
 To gaze on one angelic form,
Where life and loveliness and grace
 Blend like rich colors soft and warm;
'T was witchery to hear the tone
 Of one I loved, the fondest, nearest,
Breathed, sweetly breathed for me alone,
 By lips whose music was the dearest;
And oh! 't was ecstasy to feel,
 Swayed by the gentle stirring air,
Coolly against my forehead steal
 The soft folds of her flowing hair;
When tenderly she leaned her cheek
 To meet love's pure and fervent token,
And strove, with faultering voice, to speak
 The syllable which I had spoken!
But then to part! to part when time
 Had wreathed his tireless wing with flowers,
And spread the richness of a clime
 Of faëry o'er this land of ours;

When glistening leaves and shaded streams
In the soft light of autumn lay,
And like the music of our dreams,
The viewless breezes seemed to stray ;
When bright as her soft floating eye,
The diamond waters sparkling free —
We saw, on evening's fading sky,
The blue isles lifted from the sea !
'T was bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad thought that we must part,
And, like some low and mournful spell,
To whisper but one word, — farewell !

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

A GLIMMERING haze upon the landscape rests ;
The sky has on a softer robe of blue ;
And the slant sunbeams glisten mildly through
The floating clouds, that lift their pearly crests
Mid the pure currents of the upper air.
The fields are dressed in Autumn's faded green,
And trees no more their clustering foliage wear ;
Yet Nature smiles, all lovely and serene.

How sweetly breathes this life-inspiring gale,
Stirring yon silver lake's transparent wave!
Could we but dream that Winter, coldly pale,
Might never o'er this scene of beauty rave,
Or touch the waters with his icy spear,—
Oh! would these golden hours be half so dear?

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Long hast thou stood, and ever shalt thou stand,
Washed by the surges of the dashing sea,
A monument, to show this mighty land
Where trod the footsteps of the brave and free,
Who fled intoleration's fiery brand,
And, with a stern devotion, yielded home
And country, o'er the untried waves to roam—
To find a spot, where man might lift his hand
Toward heaven, unshackled by a single chain,
No more to quail beneath oppression's rod,
His holy faith to keep without a stain,
And bow the suppliant knee to none save God!
Anthems of praise from thee arose sublime,
And to free hearts thou'rt sacred through all time!

TO A LADY.

In thee alone, my brightest, fairest, best!
My wandering heart seeks refuge like the dove;
Bearing the olive branch of peace and love,
To find sweet shelter in its ark of rest;
My flight has been wide o'er the angry wave,
Nor bower nor tree nor mantling vine was there;
But, like rich pearls deep in some ocean cave,
Were hidden all things beautiful and fair.
Send me not forth again! though the blue sky
Smile o'er the emerald garniture of Earth,
Leaves, buds and roses spring once more to birth,
And on the air float songs of melody;
Still to its resting-place, that dove would flee —
Angel of beauty, shall it dwell with thee?

SABBATH MORNING.

How still! the world is resting now
Beneath the morning's holy ray —
And, from the distant mountain's brow
Ascending to the fount of day,

The sun-illumined vapor rolls —
As if a myriad-unchained souls
Were borne upon its mighty plume
To realms where light and glory bloom !

It is a pure and sacred hour,
The sky hangs beautiful and mild
Above the waves — the rocks that tower
Along yon steep, so gray and wild,
Seem altars, where in ages gone,
Mankind's first incense-splendor shone,
While through the deep and viewless air,
Arose his solemn voice of prayer !

White clouds, inlaid with hues of gold,
Float o'er the horizon's waveless blue,
As though each wreathed and veiling fold
An angel's form were gleaming through —
Flown from his sapphire home above
To light our world with smiles of love !
Alas ! the brightest lustre here
Is darkness in that angel's sphere.

Around one vast and glorious shrine,
All living forms of nature bow ;
While breathings pure and thoughts divine
Devotion's wing is wafting now ;

And bower and stream and forest dim,
In gladness waft their morning hymn —
For earth, through all her realms, is blest
With God's unbroken Sabbath rest!



SABBATH EVENING.

Serenely sinks this holy day,
And in the chambers of the West
The sunbeams slowly melt away,
Where clouds in purple splendor rest.
All, all the countless lamps, that burn
With light from Heaven's unwasting urn,
Night's sombre gloom will soon reveal ;
For lo ! one star has burst its seal .

Bright herald of the quiet hour —
With what a joy the spirit springs
To see thee shining o'er the bower
Where thought can fold her weary wings!
The bower of home — how sweetly glows
On this mild Sabbath's sacred close
Affection's smile, with beam divine,
Undimmed and pure, dear star, as thine!

Deeper, still deeper on the vale,
And on the venerable wood,
That bends to feel the stirring gale,
And on yon city's solitude,
The shadows of the evening fall;
While darker spreads the gorgeous pall
Of clouds — for every ray that shone
Among their massy folds, is gone.

Calm day, farewell! Heaven's starry choirs
Glow as forever in the sky,
And, like the sound of angel lyres,
I hear their tones come floating by.
They chant thy requiem — but now,
While the cool nightwind fans my brow,
Gratefully let me kneel to share
This hour of fervent, voiceless prayer.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

The star, that gems Life's morning sky,
Smile sweetly o'er thee now;
And flowers around thy pathway lie
And roses crown thy brow —

That shed their delicate perfume
Mid ringlets trembling like a plume;
While a deep witchery, soft and bright,
Is floating in those eyes of light!

Thy voice is music — not a tone,
That charms the silver sea,
When heaven is bending calm and lone,
And night-airs wander free
To wake some harp's responsive thrill,
Can, with such magic sweetness, fill
My heart with rapure, or unseal
The bliss that Love alone can feel.

Pure and undimmed, thy angel smile,
Is mirrored on my dreams,
Like evening's sunset-girded isle
Upon her shadowed streams;
And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,
Like melody of spring-bird notes;
When the blue halcyon gently laves
His plumage in the flashing waves.

I cannot gaze on aught that wears
The beauty of the skies,
Or aught that in life's valley charms
The hue of paradise;

I cannot look upon a star,
Or cloud that seems a seraph's car,
Or any form of purity, —
Unmingled with a dream of thee!

When night's first tears rest beautiful
 Upon the rose's cheek,
And the faint, wearied zephyrs lull,
 Or softest cadence speak;
There 's one lone bird that loves to fling
His song upon the incense wing
Of folded bud and blossomed flower,
Where silence weaves her moonlight bower.

And thus to thee, my heart's own rose,
 I pour my song of love,
While thy sweet smile before me glows
 And mild stars gleam above
Like censor-lamps in yonder dome,
To light the future spirit home,
Of souls, as stainless and divine
And innocent, dear girl, as thine!

HYMN TO MAY.

It is the Spring, the soft, delicious Spring,
Wreathing a garland of just budding flowers,
Stirring the young leaves with her gentle wing,
And making green the paths of forest bowers,
Whose smile, I see, such chastened beauty fling
Upon the track of the swift-gliding hours.
Her breath falls sweetly on the withered Earth,
And lo! what sudden loveliness has birth.

The fields put on their verdure, — the small rills
Leap merrily along with shout and glee,
The slanting woodlands, the uprising hills,
The moss-crowned rocks, and every emerald tree,
Drink the reviving influence that fills
An atmosphere, through which the frail clouds flee,
Like fairy barques that slowly waft afar
The wandering spirits of some lonely star.

The icy gale of Winter, which had sealed
The joy of fountains and the play of streams,
Is flown at length, and now, to light revealed,
They scatter on the air their diamond gleams;
The frozen, wounded land is kindly healed
By the mild visiting of spring-tide beams;

And now no longer comes an angry voice
From the chafed Ocean — but his waves rejoice.

Welcome, thou sweetest offspring of the year,
" Ethereal mildness," hail! enchanting lyres
May wake their melody, most deeply clear,
To hymn thy beauty; bright may be the fires
Upon thy shrine — yet thou wilt deign to hear
The thrilling gratitude my heart desires
To pour to thee in this unheeded lay,
For all thy gifts, thou soft, delicious May!

LINES SPOKEN BY A BLIND BOY

AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE PUPILS OF THE NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The bird, that never tried his wing,
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing;
Though prisoned in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age.
So I, while never blest with sight,
Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours and days and years enjoy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note
'Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams;
But he may gaily flutter round
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song — for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

Oh! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumined cell?
May I not leap and sing and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea,
The earth was never green to me,
Then why, oh! why should I repine,
For blessings that were never mine.

Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts, like your's, are often glad.
Parents I have who love me well —
Their different voices I can tell,
Though far and absent, I can hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above,
As the low voice of one you love!

I never saw my father's face;
Yet, on his forehead when I place
My hand and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of wo
To knit the brows of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee —
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother's smile:
Her gentle tones my heart beguile —
They fall, like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not — my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends and all,
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding-place,
And pass my hand across his brow
To tell him — I could do it now!

Yet, though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers.
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh ;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now, since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight.
And music too — can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound ?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word —
Am I not like that captive bird ?
I live in song and peace and joy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy !

FAREWELL.

Sweet friends, farewell! the minstrel sings no more
Whose notes till now have fallen on your ear;
His *part* is ended, and his task is o'er.
As, fading fast his feeble rays appear,
To brighter fires he yields the Muses' shrine;
Yet lingers fondly on this parting line!
If any joy within your heart has flowed
Like fountain-water in a secret place;
If any beam of happiness has glowed
On the clear heaven of some expressive face,
While listening to this soon-forgotten strain —
He has his recompense and dearest gain.
Sad is the music of his humble shell,
As echo answers to its last farewell!

PART II.

THE DYING SENECA.

He died not as the martyr dies,
 Wrapped in his living shroud of flame;
He fell not as the warrior falls,
 Gasping upon the field of fame;
A gentler passage to the grave
The murderer's softened fury gave.

Rome's slaughtered sons and blazing piles
 Had tracked the purple demon's path,
And yet another victim lived
 To fill the fiery scroll of wrath;
Could not imperial vengeance spare
His furrowed brow and silver hair?

The field was sown with noble blood,
 The harvest reaped in bitter tears,
When rolling up its crimson flood
 Broke the long gathering tide of years;
His diadem was rent away
And beggars trampled on his clay.

None wept — none pitied — they who knelt
 At morning by the despot's throne,
At evening dashed the laurelled bust
 And spurned the wreaths themselves had strown;
The shout of triumph echoed wide,
The self-stung reptile writhed and died!

THE DEPARTURE.

She turned, and sought the rock once more;
 She heard the distant parting hail,
And sat her sadly on the shore
 To watch the lessening sail;
It was a bitter thing to start
The slumbers of the dreaming heart,
To break its yet unsevered chain,
And know it might not meet again.

She loved him from a very child,
With all the love that children feel,
When streams that deepen as they flow,
From nature's fountain steal;
When hopes with yet unbroken wing
Rise freshest from the dews of spring,
And thoughts that would alone be cold,
Grow warmer in their mutual fold.

Could he forget her? was there aught
In sea or earth, in time or space?
How could he find another home
Amidst the stranger race?
And would he look in brighter eyes
Lit by the sun of southern skies,
And smile to think his heart was free
From her who wept beyond the sea?

She did not ask to hear of him,
But when her daily toil was done,—
She lingered by the darkening wave
Beneath the setting sun;
They deemed her happy, for she smiled
As idly as a dreaming child,
And looked as she had never known
The sorrow that she mused alone.

Go to the cottage by the cliff,
If you have never been before,
And kiss the little blushing girl
That meets you at the door;
And if you wish to know the tale,
How changed the cheek that once was pale,
A rosy boy, with curling hair,
Will tell you all the story there.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again,
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn
As he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady — she is dead
Long ago;
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches — and all that
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm up to snuff, young oysterman, and dad is gone away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and he has crossed the stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman — "O what was that, my daughter!"
"'Twas nothing but a brickbat, sir, I chuck'd into the water;"

" And what is that there funny thing that paddles off so fast? "
" It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that 's been a swimming past.

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — " now bring me my harpoon !
I 'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon ;"
Down fell the lovely damosel, as falls a slaughter'd lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones, she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drown'd ;
But Fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their wo,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.'

FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

Sweet Mary, I have never breath'd
The love it were in vain to name;
Though round my heart a serpent wreath'd,
I smiled, or strove to smile the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows
With faster throb and fresher fire,
While music round her pathway flows,
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share
The glories of the earth and sky?
The eagle through the pathless air
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no! the cradled flowers may wake,
Again may flow the frozen sea,
From every cloud a star may break—
There comes no second spring to me.

Go — ere the painted toys of youth
Are crushed beneath the tread of years;
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,
And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go — for I will not bid thee weep,—
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,
And evening's troubled air shall sweep
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone
May bless thee when those chords are still!

DOMESTIC THOUGHTS.

Nay, do not talk, my worthy aunt,
Young eyes will never mind you,
A sober look before your face,
A stolen glance behind you;
Young Love will have his doublet on,
Before old care can waken,
And they who count on saintly ways,
Are apt to be mistaken.

No doubt she thinks you passing wise,
As often as you warn her,
And hides the mischief in her eyes,
Till you are round the corner;

And looks so honest, when you chance
To find us both together,
And makes such very prim remarks
About the pleasant weather!

If you had seen two quiet hands
That were together folded,
And known who stole your spectacles,
No doubt you would have scolded;
Or if you 'd heard some words that passed
When you were standing near us —
I plugged your trumpet, auntie dear,
And so you could not hear us!

The dear old lady! so she shall,
Enjoy herself in trying,
To cut away poor Cupid's plumes,
And spoil his wings for flying;
But clip them very, very close,
For if you leave a feather,
One quill will write a billet-doux,
And off we go together!

LINES BY A VERY INTERESTING YOUNG MAN.

O I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And I thought she meant sincerely
When she took my pretty things;
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall,
And her love that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
It was filled with my own hair,
And she put it in her pocket
With very special care.
But a jeweller has got it—
He offered it to me,
And another that is not it,
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings
I do not now complain,
But my dollars and my shillings
Will never come again.

They were earned with toil and sorrow,
But I never told her that,
And now I have to borrow,
And want another hat.

Think, think thou cruel Emma,
When thou shalt hear my wo,
And know my sad dilemma,
That thou hast made it so.
See, see my beaver rusty,
Look, look upon this hole,
This coat is dim and dusty,
O let it rend thy soul!

Before the gates of fashion
I daily bent my knee,
But I sought the shrine of passion
And found my idol — thee ;
Though never love intenser
Had bowed a soul before it.
Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, — though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is broader than her life,
For life is but a span.

My Aunt — my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray.
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

Her father — Grand Papa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;

'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small.
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins —
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
By day-light, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track.
Ah! said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all accomplished maid.

For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue, —
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams, —
I say a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;
She answered, some thought both were fair —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, not small nor few,
Came marching in — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;
She liked all eyes, but eyes of green ;
She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set ;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make the martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake,
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

IS THY NAME MARY, MAIDEN FAIR?

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee,
And she to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair;
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she, who chains a bird's wild wing,
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee, unseen, unknown;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

THE TWO SHADOWS.

It was an evening calm and fair
As ever drank the dews of June;
The living earth, the breathless air
Slept by the shining moon.

There was a rudely woven seat
That lay beneath a garden wall, —
I heard two voices low and sweet,
I saw two shadows fall.

Two shadows — side by side they were,
With but a line of light between;
If shapes more real lingered there,
Those shapes were all unseen.

The voice which seemed of deepest tone
Breathed something which I scarcely heard ;
And there was silence, save alone
One faintly whispered word.

And then the longer shadow drew
Nearer and nearer, till it came
So close, that one might think the two
Were melting to the same.

I heard a sound that lovers know —
A sound from lips that do not speak ;
But oh, it leaves a deeper glow
Than words upon the cheek !

Dear maiden, hast thou ever known
That sound which sets the soul on fire ?
And is it not the sweetest tone
Wrung from earth's shattered lyre ?

Alas ! upon my boyish brow,
Fair lips have often more than smiled ;
But there is none to press it now,
I am no more a child.

Long, long the blended shadows lay
As they were in a viewless fold ;

And will they never break away,
So loving, yet so cold!

They say that spirits walk the vale,
But that I do not truly know —
I wonder when I told the tale,
Why Fanny crimsoned so!

THOUGHTS IN DEJECTION.

What is a poet's love? —
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianise upon it.

What is a poet's fame? —
Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from garreteers,
To be returned in season.

What are a poet's dreams? —
Visions of scraggy misses,
With chalky necks and charcoal hair,
That stifle him with kisses.

Where go the poet's lines? —
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

Child of the ploughshare, smile;
Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle bed
Their broidered tissue weave not.

For him, the future holds
No civic wreath above him;
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,
Who workest wo on satin,
(The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin;)

Trust not to them who say,
In stanzas, they adore thee;
O rather sleep in church-yard clay,
With maudlin cherubs o'er thee!

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks —
Old gentle folks are they —
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree —
A knot of spinster Katydids —
Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?

Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I 'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane;
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue —
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still;
The rock shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
Beneath the autumn sun,

Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE TOAD-STOOL.

There 's a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower;
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside;
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toad-stool care?

She does not glow in a painted vest,
And she never blooms on the maiden's breast,
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,
In a modest suit of a quaker hue.
And when the stars in the evening skies
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

O there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance;
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
And if you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,
In the shade of her velvet diadem;
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame;
He sings at her feet, through the livelong night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light;
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

EVENING.

By a Tailor.

Day hath put on his jacket — and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet moss,

That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.
Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with — but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden, thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober cloths.
Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose.
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,

And my great grandsire, all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose — it was an heir loom
From some remoter tailor of our race —
I am not certain, but I think 't was he,
Who happened to be hanged by some misfortune.
No matter; but I saw it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me — oh, most fearfully!
— It is a joy to straiten out one's limbs
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing thought.
Kind nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom — I can feel
With all around me — I can hail the flowers
That make earth's mantle — and that quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unaltered posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

MOONSHINE.

"Oh leave me, leave me, foolish youth,
And come not here again,
Thy vows are wasted on the wind,
Thy prayers are all in vain."

"Lady, thy bird is singing sweet;
Thou heedest not his lay,
But wouldst thou not remember him
If he should fly away?"

"O, there is many another bird,
That sings as sweet as he, Sir,
And they shall have his golden cage,
And they will sing to me, Sir."

"But who shall make them come to thee,
And who shall make them stay?
No, lady, thou must live alone,
When he has flown away."

"O fiddle, fiddle, Florio,
You 're but an ugly fowl, Sir,
I mean to catch a nightingale,
And do not want an owl, Sir."

"Then fare thee well, my lady love,
Since all our ties must sever,
I go to find a maid more kind,
Then fare thee well forever."

"O silly, silly, Florio,
I meant no such a thing, dove;
There 's not a bird in all the world,
So pretty as a ring-dove."

STANZAS.

Strange! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But Lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath a softer leaf,
Than ever western wind hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand ;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady ! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above,
But sure not one among them all,
Is half so sweet as love —
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

PART III.

THE IDLE BOYS.

Hardly a hundred years have passed
Since I was gay as you ;
When earth was ever green to me,
And skies were ever blue ;
And I loved the running summer brook
And the forest's autumn hue.

But time, that brings some change to all,
Hath wrought much change with me ;
And in many things I am much unlike
The boy I used to be,
When years ago I loved to play
Beneath the spreading tree.

Care has not overshadowed me,
Nor sorrow been my lot;
And I have spent some pleasant hours
Too bright to be forgot;
And forged strong chains that bind me to
This dim and earthly spot.

My best and earliest friend is dead,
Untouched by stain of sin;
But they still live whose memories
Light up a love within,—
Hope lives — and holds the laurels out
That I would die to win!

For a wide future is before,
My heart beats high for fame;
And I have learned to breathe with love
The music of a name,
Writ on the tablets of my heart
In syllables of flame.

O! little thought have ye of all
That comes in after years,
To stir the spirit with a spell
Of changing hopes and fears;
To ruin all the fancy work
That dreaming boyhood rears.

Play — while the glad hours sparkle by
Like the bubbles of a stream;
Play on — the world may be to you
All that it now may seem;
Love may not be a phantasy,
Nor fame an idle dream!

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

(SCHILLER.)

THREE words of import high I speak to thee,
Which oft from lip to lip are passing round;
Not from without their origin may be,
Their knowledge in the heart alone is found:
And the heart loses all its excellence
When this deep, solemn faith is taken thence.

Man is born free of man, is ever free,
No drop of slavish blood runs in his veins;
Let not the turbulent cry of madmen be
Proof that a race is born to iron chains.
Fear not the freeman, but the slave awaking
From his long slumbers, and his fetters breaking.

And virtue is no light and empty name,
But full of heavenly power to soothe and bless,
Life's golden rule it is, and only aim,
To run the glorious race of godliness;
A child may understand the truth, which lies
Hid from the piercing vision of the wise.

And a God lives, majestic and alone,
In the eternal realms of endless space;
All change, and thought of change, to him unknown,
The lapse of time unmarked, the bounds of place;
Man dies, and worlds, and systems fade away,
He lives and reigns unsubject to decay.

These holy words I would impress on thee,
And pass them oft from lip to lip around;
Not from without their origin may be,
Their knowledge in the heart alone is found;
The human heart keeps all its excellence,
Till this deep, solemn faith is taken thence.

A SPRING EVENING.

(MATTHISON.)

BRIGHT with the changing colors of the skies
The many dew-drops gleam,
The image of the varied landscape lies
Clear on the silent stream.

Bright is the crystal spring, the blossoming tree,
The meadow tinged with gold;
The star of evening peeping timidly
From the cloud's purple fold.

The valley's green is beautiful, the heath
And flowery mantled hill;
The little lake girt with its sedgy wreath,
And alder-shaded rill!

O! how the influence of eternal love
Circles life like a band!
The glow-worm, and the star that shine above,
Each shows a Father hand.

It is THY power that bids the bud uprear
Its beauty to the day,
That bids the burning planet disappear
From its unmeasured way!

THE PIRATE'S RETREAT.

On a solitary coast,
In quiet gloom it lay;
A silent and a sombre place
Half-hidden from the day.
The tall cliffs rear their heads above,
The grey rocks frown below;
And the waves with a cold, dark-heaving swell,
Idly around it flow.
Here the lone eagle loves to build
His far-off eyrie high,
The sea-bird rests his rapid wing,
And away to the sunny sky!

In the fir-shaded mountain caves
That line this rocky glen,
There dwelt of old a pirate band
Of brave sea-nurtured men;
Men who had lived in toil and care,
And been where blood was spilt;
For years by common danger bound,
And stained by common guilt.
Against all human-kind beside,
In arms from early youth;
Each other's exile they had shared,
And tried each other's truth.

Away! Away! The snow-white sails
Swell with the rising breeze,
Swift onward, silent and alone,
The light bark skims the seas.
Fleet as the wild bird cleaves the air,
It cuts the foaming water,
Its red flag rustles in the breeze,
And tells of coming slaughter.
Full many a league of dark blue sea
It ploughs with rapid keel —
A prize! There 's gold within the purse,
A die upon the steel!

And now in southern lands awhile
They waste the idle hours;
In the summer breath of cloudless skies,
In the shade of vine-hung bowers;
Where heaving pulses wildly throb,
And dark eyes madly gleam,
And life flows on tumultuously
Like an ever-shifting dream;
Where a thought of innocence may come
To sullen guilt again;
And bright wine crimsons in the cup
To drown the sense of pain.

Once more upon the rolling wave —
The pathless, boundless sea !
It is the element they love,
And here their home should be !
And days pass on, and once again
Far from the ocean's roar,
They moor their small bark silently
Beside that lonely shore.
The clouds that course in the open sky
With golden rays are bright ;
And rocky crag and mountain peak
Gleam in a purple light.

But years have gone, and they are dead,—
And left no trace behind ;
No requiem breathed above their grave,
But the whisper of the wind.
Some lie within the quiet glen
Beneath a broad-leaved tree,
And some are dreamless slumberers
Far down the silent sea.
Peace — peace to the unquiet dead !
For spirits still they say,
Haunt in the night and the broad daylight,
This dim, deserted bay !

THE WREATH ON THE STREAM.

(SCHILLER.)

A youth was crowned with a wreath of flowers
As he sat by the river's side ;
When the wreath was borne by the breeze away,
And dashed in the restless tide ;
And thus the course of my days rolls on,
As the stream runs swiftly by,
And my youth is a garland of summer flowers,
That is beautiful — only to die.

And ask'st thou why I am sorely sad
In green youth's early spring,
When every thing breathes of life and joy
In the time of blossoming ?
The many voices which breathe around,
From earth and air and deep,
But stir the waters of bitterness,
That still in my bosom sleep.

For sorrow is writ on the brow of man,
And clouds ever rest on his way,
And the object I 've twined my love about,
Though before me, is far away.

The image I see is fair and bright,
But I follow it on in vain,
The beautiful shadow illudes me still,
And the heart is left cold again.

Come hither, my loved and lovely one,
And the sheen of a palace forget;
The gems of the field still shine for thee,
And the wild flowers blossom yet.
Hark! the song of the brook as it gleams thro' the grass,
Of the bird in the branches above;
In the lowliest cottage is peace, my dear,
And happiness where there is love.

SONNETS ON THE BLUES.

I.

Grim-visaged imps, that in your dusky flight
Circle about my miserable head,
Bringing clouds darker than the darkest night,
And heavier than a canopy of lead;
Called by whatever name you bid me write,
Glooms, horrors, devils black, blue, brown, or red,
Hence let your sullen course be quickly sped,

And bid the cloudless skies once more be bright,
Or I shall soon be numbered with the dead,
 Whom poets fable by the Stygian river,
On their own melancholy fancy fed,
 Standing in groups to meditate and shiver:
Scatter these clouds, this darkness dissipate,
Grim-visaged imps, or seal my silent fate!

II.

Delicate creatures, with dark glossy hair
 Streaming down necks that mock the driven snow,
 With eyes like stars, lips that like rubies glow,
Cheeks vieing with the rose, they are so fair!
Who love to wander where the wild-flowers blow,
 And find hard names for them in scholars' books;
Who linger where the silver waters flow,
 By the far-stretching lakes and running brooks;
Who love to ponder on the poet's pages,
 And offer incense at the poet's shrine,
Who listen to the learned lore of sages,
 And scorn not lay as light and gay as mine:
Come to my dreams, come to my waking hours,
 Bright creatures, with your poetry and flowers!

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

(MATTHISON.)

What creatures may be
So happy as we?
Our mirror, the gleam
Of the mountain stream;
We dance where the running waters play,
We rock on the top of the bending spray,
And rest in the flowers at close of day.

From the land and sea,
Come hither to me,
To the dew-gemmed green,
Come follow your queen;
In your thin spun crowns of silver gray,
Woven from the glow worm's glancing ray,
Follow me where the moon-beams play.

A veil, bleached white
In the pure star-light,
You may freely wear
Like a robe of air;
Through moor and through meadow, and over the lea,
From forest and fountain, from lowland and sea,
O! lightly trip hither to dance with me.

In the bower of leaves
Which summer weaves,
While the stars in the sky
Look down from on high,
We will swiftly circle our airy flight,
While a host of gnomes in the dim moon-light,
Play and sing through the livelong night.

To the dance away,
With your crowns of gray,
And your robes of white,
So thin and bright!
We fly with the winged zephyr's pace;
We silently pass, and leave no trace
Of footstep upon our dancing-place!



CARE.

The dripping mariner, at dead of night,
Tossed on the boundless ocean,
When not a star in the broad sky is bright,
For rest — for rest — till break of morning light,
Lifts his devotion.

For rest the pensioned politician prays,
And threadbare man of letters;
Merchants and maidens seek it all their days,
Spirits of air and earth, fairies and fays,
And duns and debtors.

Care, under purple robes of office, we
Must frequently discover;
No human lot from human wo is free;
A turtle-padded alderman may be
A slighted lover.

Happy the man who wears the clothes which clad
His ancestors before him;
Tariffs and taxes seldom make him sad,
And how thrice blessed his lot who never had
Tailor to bore him!

Why look for joy beneath a foreign sky,
With endless toil and trouble?
From his sad heart can the pale exile fly?
The happiness his own home may deny,
Is a mere bubble.

Care follows swift the starry-bannered ship,
Over the foaming billow;

Sits side by side with the dyspeptic whip,
And dims the widow's eye and pales her lip,
And wreathes her willow.

Joy for the present moment! Joy to day!
Why look we to the morrow?
Mingle me bitters to drive care away,
Nothing on earth can be forever gay,
And free from sorrow.

The sullen monarch of the shades we try
In vain to turn our backs on;
Probably all the human race will die,
The good, the great, the wise, and you, and I,
And President Jackson.

Fortune has smiled on you, and lavished all
Her bounties quite at random;
Your factory stock is never known to fall,
And tell me where to find, in field or stall,
A finer tandem.

My purse is very slim, and very few
The clients that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue;
My riches are an honest heart and true,
And quiet slumber!

CATILINE.

My bitterest curse upon thee, Rome!
A curse upon the craven race
That deign to make thy towers their home,
Thy marble tombs their burial place.
A curse on every living thing
That crawls within thy gate:
To me it would a solace bring
To know that thou wert withering,
To see thee desolate.

In youth, I fondly hoped to write
On glory's scroll a lasting name;
One that disgrace might never blight —
A watchword in the ranks of fame.
And to the last, that fairy dream
Would still my hours delude, —
Still would a transient, sunlit beam
Of future glory brightly gleam
O'er my heart's solitude.

The vision that in youth was seen,
I feel may not prove real now;
I scorn the laurel, that has been
A circlet for plebeian brow!

That this dimmed gift should yet be mine,
Can never and shall never be;
As bright as aye each flower must shine,
As green as aye each leaf you twine, —
Or 't were no boon for me!

My bitterest curse upon thee, Rome!
Soon may thy sculptured honors fall —
Ruin destroy thy stateliest dome —
Thy glory find oblivion's pall!
Among thy fallen temples soon,
Among thy children's tombs,
May wild beasts stalk, unharmed, at noon —
The howling watch-dog bay the moon,
Guarding deserted homes!

Straight to the battle-field I go —
My faithful steel drinks deep to-day —
He scarce will find a craven foe,
Who bars the lion from his prey.
The festal bowl with blood is crowned —
My faithful few, pledge deep —
Ruin to Rome — one solemn round —
Ye — whom in life one tie has bound,
And in the last long sleep!

PENCILLING.

Well, this is really quite unsettled weather;
A balmy morning welcomes in the day,
A pleasant noon succeeds, and altogether
The hours glide on as soft as hours of May;
Green earth and brilliant sky at ten at night,
But the next day-break quite another sight!

The spirits of the storm have been about,
Bending the moss-grown cliff and broad-armed tree;
And sick men groan, and pretty maidens pout,
And think it quite as bad as bad can be,
That they must stay at home, and shake and shiver,
Instead of pointing darts for Cupid's quiver.

I too am quite dependent on the sky,
And in a deluge, generally speaking,
Our streets and sidewalks are by no means dry, —
A thing that often keeps me half a week in,
To patronize the blues, and pass my time
In reading novels and in scribbling rhyme.

And as I mar the whiteness of my paper,
With silent step the hours glide swiftly by;

Till in the glimmer of my midnight taper,
Old Time may find me with an unclosed eye ;
While thoughts of earthly vanity and folly
Darken around my gathering melancholy.

And in these hours of stillness and of calm,
I 'm very apt indeed to moralize ;
My thought flows like the metre of a psalm,
And crowds of ghastly, slow-paced spectres rise ;
And I could furnish saws and good advice,
Proverbs and sermons — at the current price.

This quiet, sombre, solemn noon of night,
When earth is in the quietude of sleep,
When in the moonbeam every flower is bright,
And all the stars their silent watches keep,
Is, to my mind, a more agreeable time
Than any other you can put in rhyme.

I live when all the world around is dead,
And read the glorious letters of the sky ;
Breathe in the showers of beauty that are shed
From thousand glowing orbs that roll on high ;
And in the whispers of the midnight wind,
A murmur of mysterious music find.

My mental vision scans the many things
 Our sterner fathers would have groaned to see ;
The routs, the riots, and the revellings —
 Huge bowls of wine for sometime cups of tea !
Sees, too, how modern ladies would perplex
The former worthies of the female sex !

With manners, so change ornaments and dresses,
 And rings are wrought of a much lighter shape ;
And fashion makes strange work with ladies' tresses,
 Some wear them loose, some tie them up with tape —
Some part them in the style of the Madonna —
A mode I cannot like, upon my honor.

And now the thought occurs to me, to give
 A private story that illustrates well
The changes of the times in which we live,
 From those of which our stern-eyed grandsires tell ;
Reader, it is a secret tale you see, —
And to be known by none but you and me.

It was a most delightful afternoon,
 Meant purposely for poring o'er romances,
As pleasant as the evening with a moon,
 Or as delightful as the South of France is,
And so I called upon a friend of mine,
Whose name I 'll drop you in a private line.

She was the very prettiest of girls,
Of a bright cheek and a voluptuous eye ;
Of ivory forehead shaded by dark curls,
And pouting lip of a most delicate die ;
Mild, lovely, sentimental and romancing,
Partial withal, especially, to dancing.

How long we talked — I really cannot say, —
Of what we talked, the lady knows, perhaps ;
The pleasant hours flowed rapidly away,
Though I was careless of their silent lapse ;
Till I was startled at the lively air
With which I heard the angel creature — swear.

It is upon my word a sober truth,
And had you heard the syllables that glided
From the red lips of innocence and youth,
You would not wonder half so much as I did ;
The accents certainly were soft and sweet,
But for a lovely lady hardly meet !

Now had I lived a century ago,
I should most surely, as in duty bound,
Have been astonished, shocked, and frightened so
As to have deeply blushed, and sternly frowned ;
But as the times go now, I only gazed
Heartily pleased, though very much amazed.

Well, I have pencilled all my story through,
And fair eyes slumber o'er the lengthened lay;
Perchance though, you would hear a word or two
Of him who speeds you on a happy way!
Who he may be, when born, where taught, how long
He has been wedded to fantastic song!

Enough — that on my yet unwrinkled brow
Old father Time hath never set his seal;
That I have seen full years enough, even now,
To know the miseries that years reveal;
To feel that anguish deep and bitter wo
Cast their dark shade on every path below.

Yet are the days of joy more numerous far,
To him who, in the calmness of a soul
In peace with Him who made him, nor at war
With those whom He has made, sees the years roll;
Borne gently onwards on life's gentle stream,
His short existence passes like a dream.

For him there is a beauty in the flower
That wastes its wealth of perfume on the gale,
A source of joy in every passing hour, —
Deep springs of happiness that never fail;
Woman's bright eye tells pleasant tales to him,
And in its beauty never waneth dim.

I have grown serious when I only thought
To laugh a lively stanza through or so,
So nearly spring the streams of merry thought
By those of grief that darken as they flow!
Here then, kind reader, finisheth my strain;
And haply we may never meet again.

THE EXILE.

(SCHILLER.)

FRESH in the morn is the living breeze!
And the sun beams bright
Through the swaying arms of the dark fir-trees;
And the tops of the mountains,
The forests, the fountains,
Redden and glow in a purple light.
The lark is abroad on her airy wing;
And the wakened woods with melody ring.

Blessed be the hour of early light!
When meadow and stream
With beauty gleam,
And the grass is touched with a silver white!

When the smallest leaf on the fruit-tree top
Is a beautiful nest where the pearl reposes;
When showers of gems from the branches drop,
And the Zephyrs chat and play with the roses!

Light smoke curls high o'er the city's wall,
Steeds are neighing in valley and stall,
And the early birds are far away,
To bathe their wings in the dazzling ray.

Joy to every thing beside,
Wo and ill myself betide.
Peace to me is — where? O, where?
In the grave — and only there!

The morn may waken brightly,
And purple tower and tree;
The evening air breathe lightly,
While men sleep dreamingly;
But in morn's first blush will the death-flower bloom,
And the night breeze sweep o'er my dreamless tomb!

THE SCREECHING LADY.

Many years since, a youth and his bride
Built them a cot by the water side ;
High on a beetling cliff it stood,
Girt by a rocky solitude ;
She was a witch and a wizard he,
And they spent their days right merrily !

Oft they ride on the waters dark,
And shatter the mariner's fragile bark ;
Or sail the air when the sky is blue,
In a rapid car of the sky's own hue ;
Or dive to the caves of the ocean deep,
And visit the cells where the mermaids sleep,
Or idly lurk in the modest flowers,
Which maidens pluck in the wildwood bowers ;
Bearing bliss or scattering wo,
By land or sea, wherever they go.

And they lead a gay and happy life —
Considering they are man and wife.
The gentleman asks a friend to dine,
And smokes his cigar, and drinks his wine ;

The lady seldom scolds or frets,
And her pin-money pays her gambling debts ;
So years of mutual bliss roll by,
In the spirit cot, 'way up in the sky !

But the brightest flowers are born to fade,
And clouds the sunniest skies will shade.
And so it chanced, one brilliant night,
He mounted his gig with a brother sprite,
And stayed from home till the morning light !
He had been off with a merry crew,
Singing and quaffing mountain dew ;
And his wife was wroth, as she well might be,
At the thought of her solitary tea !

The lady frowned — when her husband came
Riding home to his watchful dame ;
The lady darkened — and bit her lips,
And looked like the moon in a half-eclipse !
The lady opened her mouth — and spoke,
And volleys of wrath from her quick tongue broke ;
" A pretty kettle of fish ! " quoth he,
And cast a glance at the raging sea !

His brow grows black, and his eye grows red,
As he stands on the cliffs of Marblehead ;

And he looks on his bride with a vacant stare,
And wreathes his hand in her raven hair ;
A terrible scream — as he lifts her high,
And she spins like a top between earth and sky !

That scream for many a league is heard,
By the startled beast and the scared sea-bird ;
The old cliffs shake, as its echoes wake,
And the troubled waves on the broad shore break ;
And far over meadow and valley and stream,
The casing air is a general scream!

And since, at times, by day or night,
In the glare of noon or the soft moonlight ;
When storms are abroad, or the skies are fair,
That voice is heard in the troubled air.
The maiden sleeps, and her virgin dream
Is often broke by that fearful scream.
The old crone sits by her chimney-side,
And the mariner floats on the restless tide ;
And it chills the blood in their veins to hear
That terrible voice come shrill and clear.
And the curse, they say, will never more
Pass from the cliffs of that fated shore!

TO A LADY.

Thy face is not the face of her
I gaze upon by night;
On which an ardent worshipper
I hang with fond delight;
Which in its living beauty seems
More beautiful than in my dreams!

Thine eye is not the glancing eye,
Of her, the gay and fair,
Whose shape is ever floating by
In the blue summer air;
Which is aye imaged forth to me
From sky and earth and changing sea!

The prattling, lively, lovely girl,
Of almost sweet sixteen,
With raven locks in graceful curl,
And eye of glossy sheen;
It seems to me there could not be
A beauty more unlike to thee.

The loved one of my boyhood's day,
Not unremembered now,
Of cheek where rose-like colors play,
And darkly shaded brow;

I do not think the pretty creature,
Resembles thee in look or feature.

And still there is a nameless grace
In thine uplifted eye ;
I love to look upon thy face,
Although I know not why ;
Yet, could I bid the canvass glow —
I should not paint a beauty so.

RUINS.

The spirit of decay has breathed
Along these wasted walls,
And on their ruins heavily
Time's sullen footstep falls ;
Around the temple's crumbling pride
The folding ivy twines,
And the grey moss has gathered on
Its desolated shrines.
Though in the former days of pride,
Music was in these bowers,
And the voice of song was loud and gay
To hurry the fleeting hours,

The lyre is mute and song is still
Above a buried race,
And the night winds solemn music wake
Over their resting-place.
The stars have worn their silver glow
From nature's Eden prime,
The sun rolls on his mighty course
As at the dawn of time;
Fixed in their everlasting strength
The rock-ribbed mountains stay,
And as it rolled in days of old
So rolls the sea to day.
But man and all his pageantries,
And all his powers decay;
On human art and human wit
Is the doom to pass away!

THE MINSTREL.

Low on the solemn bier!
The laurel is a gloomy mockery now —
While they who gloried in its wearer bow
In grief, and shed the tear.

Hushed is the flowing strain,
The lip is pale that burned with love and pride,
And thought, which flowed in such a living tide,
Never may wake again.

Visions of earth and sky,
Of sounding seas, the infinite unknown,
The empire of the intellect and throne,
Gleamed on his mental eye.
He read with wizard skill
The passions of our nature; pity, love,
Hatred, joy, sorrow, madness; and could move
Their energies at will.

In glorious Italy,
Amid rich gardens, and proud marbles halls,
Where shapes of beauty breathe along the walls,
Beneath a blushing sky,
Where silver fountains play,
Amid dark forests, and leaf-hidden cells,
The mountain tops and perfume-breathing dells,
He dreamed his soul away!

His life has been a tale
Well told, where every line and word is bright,
A silver tissue of unshaded light —
Then weep ye not, nor wail!

Bury him in a spot,
Where the first sun beam lights, where the birds sing,
The wild-flowers blossom, and the green vines cling—
He shall not be forgot.

THE STOLEN RING.

Well, lady, take again the ring,
To deck that lily hand of thine,
And with it take the gift I bring
To lay on beauty's golden shrine.

With every joy and pleasure gay,
May all thine hours roll swift along,
And life in beauty glide away,
Like the rich cadence of a song.

May friendship shed its gentle rays,
To make the path before thee bright,
And love serenely gild thy days
With a more deep and brilliant light.

And in that future happy time,
Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,

Say, wilt thou read this careless rhyme,
And him who wrote remember not?

Remember not! and can it be
That joyous memories ever die?
That all my heart can feel for thee
Is but a lightly whispered sigh?

Ay! it is written on our lot,
That lot so varied, dark and strange,
To meet, to pass and be forgot,
In painful and perpetual change.

But dash this idle gloom away,
And be again the gay and free;
Thou must not, to thy dying day,
Forget this stolen ring and me!



ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

O! would that I might breathe the kindly air
Purpling beneath thy skies, delicious clime,
And a forgetful dreamer pass my time
In the luxurious gardens blooming there;
Or idly straying with a dark-eyed fair,
Where sweet winds with far sweeter voices chime,—
Bind chaplets for her flowing raven hair,
And in her praises weave the joyous rhyme.
It were a bliss even for an hour to dwell
Beneath the shade of thy vine-circled bowers,
To breathe the fragrance of thy blushing flowers,
And listen to the soft harmonious tune
Of running waters in the month of June,
Soothing the senses with a quiet spell!

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